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SEMI-MONTHLY

March 15, 1898

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NOTES

MR. MARION CRAWFORD is responsible for the somewhat erratic theory that a novel is essentially the same thing as a drama. He himself does not demonstrate the fact in his own work, and instances are not lacking to show what pulling and hauling it takes to turn a story into a play. But this very fact demonstrated that there might exist a new kind of story, a convertible novel-drama. And it is from this point of view that a book by Mr. Winston Churchill, entitled *The Celebrity*, looks important. The stage has been meekly following the novel writers for some time; the romantic melodrama followed the romantic school of fiction, and the kailyard drama is close upon the heels of Mr. Barrie and the Rev. John Watson. But the stage has at last begun to react upon the novel. Mr. Churchill has unconsciously written what is nothing more nor less than a farce-comedy, a little padded, and bound between covers designed by Mr. George Wharton Edwards. There is the good old plot of one man trying to pass himself off as another, ending with the screamingly funny scene where the second man having embezzled a large sum of money, his impersonator is forced to play the farce to its bitter end, and hide in a cave in the woods to escape the detective. The story is written with all the high spirits and the whoops and hurrahs of its prototype upon the stage, and only needs a little blue penciling here and there to be ready for Mr. Charles Frohman. It has, it is true, no traces of indecency such as enliven the

usual farce "taken from the French." But it is by so much a newer genre. The simple farce-comedy as a novel is a new thing, but *The Celebrity* will not long stand alone. The new farce-novel is the curious outcome of the determination with which critics of late have been insisting that the novel's only function is to amuse, always to amuse, and only to amuse.

This war-cry was intended to down at once indecency and any tendency to character-study. Four years ago it was the cry of the advanced critic, two years ago it was the doctrine of the ordinary newspaper critic, and now it has become the slogan of the *New York Tribune*. Meanwhile, as fiction has been becoming more thin and watery a slight reaction has begun, and now the *Tribune* shows forth as the belated disciple of a somewhat flippant theory of art. The *Tribune* is always delightfully crabbed in its literary columns, and we quote with pleasure its remarks on the novel embodied in the following attack on Mr. Arthur Symons:

The best thing about the silliness which is afflicting current literature to such an extent is that when you have given it all the rope it asks for it is sooner or later bound to hang itself. Mr. Arthur Symons, for example, has been disporting himself of late in better company than usual. *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy* have faded more or less into the background, and *The Saturday Review* has opened its serious pages to his deliverances. The opportunity was not to be lost. Mr. Symons proceeded to do himself justice, raising his wonted preeiosity and absurdity to their highest power. Writing of M. Huysman's novel, *En Route*, he says: "It is perhaps the first novel which does not set out with the aim of amusing its readers. It offers you no more

entertainment than *Paradise Lost*, or the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, and it is possible to consider it on the same level." Is it? Well, you may defend this kind of thing on the basis of "art" or "strength," or anything you like, but it remains an illustration of uncommonly vile taste and uncommon stupidity.

That Mr. Symons has been occasionally in the past a silly figure we are far from denying. But in the passage quoted by the *Tribune* he seems to be repenting of his sins. Remodeling his intentionally striking phrases, his meaning is perfectly clear and reasonable. It seems to us the sanest and most salutary attitude possible towards the novel at the present moment. The *Tribune* probably does not quite realize what it is saying, but in effect it is setting up work, like *The Celebrity*, amusing though it is, as a model for novelists and attempting to limit rigidly one of the most elastic forms of artistic expression.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is noted as the champion of forlorn causes. It is with some fear that we see in its March issue that it is entering upon the task of inventing a new international language, a second and more successful Volapük. Such an invention would be a curious and interesting, if not a useful thing, and we certainly hope that *The Cosmopolitan* may succeed. But it is enough for most magazines to manage the English language.

CRITICISM OF QUO VADIS is going through the inevitable reaction which follows a great popularity. At first, when perhaps only a hundred thousand people considered the novel a masterpiece, a large number of critical writers, after taking a frightened look at the bulky volume, were only too glad to accept the popular verdict and shirk the labor of reading the book. But now that not merely a hundred thousand, but a million or more of our people have indulged in the emotional debauch of a Sienkiewicz reading, the critics are sounding the note of alarm everywhere. The truth is gradually being told, at so late a date that to most people it will seem only the result of the jealousy that follows a great success. *Quo Vadis*, the people must learn, is not a masterpiece, is not even Sienkiewicz's masterpiece. It is a big, lurid potboiler, the poorest work of a genius, and so full of strength that its faults seem very small. But its million readers are deceiving themselves if they think that their enthusiasm has been a tribute to pure art. *Quo Vadis* is full of its author's tremendous talent, but the editor of the *New York World* could tell the people that

there are many things in *Quo Vadis* which would insure its popularity had it been written by Edgar Saltus. The orgies in the House of Nero and the pictures of Roman vice have been the bait which has lured many to the reading, although they would never confess it. From the *World* man's point of view, a story of the Christian martyrs with lascivious interludes is a dainty tidbit, whose piquancy is sure to attract many who find it impossible to read improper novels boldly. We do not mean at all that *Quo Vadis* is a claptrap book, or that any great portion of its readers is guilty of low tastes. But it is sometimes well to be jealous enough of the true interests of literary art to try to distinguish in the homage paid it, which is the true and which the false. The reaction of the critics is for the time being a useful thing.

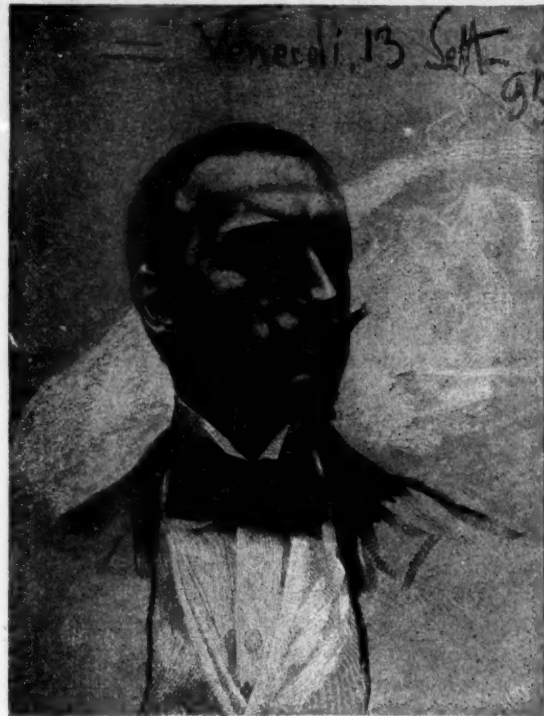
AN ENGLISH EDITION of *Judge* is to appear shortly. We have no doubt of its success. "American humor," of the kind typified by *Judge*, has for some time been the almost exclusive property of Englishmen and American barbers. The undoubted vogue of *Judge* in America is largely due to its political cartoons, which have been important factors in every political campaign. The "jokes" which fill the greater part of the paper and which have the conventional "American" quality, are valuable chiefly because there are so many of them. *Judge* is not a paper one reads at home; it is read perforce when one is waiting and time must be passed somehow. There is a bulkiness about the paper and a persistency in being funny which we think must surely appeal to the British taste. If the cartoons can be properly done, the paper will have an added chance of success.

Few of our humorous papers would bear exportation to England, and still fewer to France. A few years ago, however, some women in Paris were seriously considering the feasibility of a French edition of *Life*. The plans were never carried far enough to be made at all public, and it is even doubtful whether the publishers of *Life* ever heard of the affair. The women interested had been complaining that every journal amusant in France was so improper that it was quite impossible to have a copy in one's home. (We foreigners too often lose sight of the fact that there is a home life, and a decent one, in France.) It was therefore projected that a weekly using Mr. Gibson's pictures and most of *Life*'s jokes should be established in Paris. It was to be run by women, and a few original interpolations were to give something of native flavor to the whole. It was to be witty, artistic,

light in touch, and never improper. This at least was the aspect of things when the plan was first discussed. But the fatal mistake was made of consulting some experienced editors, who at once pronounced the projected paper hopelessly flat, and doomed to failure from the first. It is a rather sad commentary on the French editor's idea of his public. We wish the original movers in the affair might be induced to make the appeal direct, and discover whether French popular humor is necessarily salacious.

THE SPANISH DIFFICULTIES have been a source of some considerable profit to the theaters all over the country. Patriotic music from the orchestra and patriotic allusions from the actors have made audiences enthusiastic and plays successful. One orchestra in New York follows a melody of patriotic airs with Johnny, Get Your Gun, and in many places the audiences join in singing The Star Spangled Banner. Another enterprising manager put on a short play with Uncle Sam and Miss Independence as characters, while the Herald Square Theater has a drop curtain showing the White Squadron. One press agent made the whole thing rather ridiculous by inventing a story to the effect that one of the El Capitan chorus girls wanted to go with the American army in the costume of a vivandière. Whatever people may think of the policy of war outside the theater, they are belligerent, once inside the playhouse doors. It is curious how surcharged with emotional possibilities the atmosphere about the footlights is. Rather strangely the outbreak of sorrow and indignation over the Maine disaster shows itself most violently in places where people have come professedly for amusement and diversion. Why does n't some political orator engage a theater and speak to as much of the audience as will stay to hear him? It is probable that he would dismiss them in a frenzy of conviction.

DURING THE SECOND WEEK of her engagement in New York, Madame Modjeska played Magda, Camille, Isabella, and Lady Macbeth. All of these performances showed that her art is still as fine, as true, and as varied as it has ever been. A few of the critics thought they discovered in her acting a loss of physical power, but this Madame Modjeska never possessed to a marked degree. Her success, in spite of so serious a handicap, makes her genius appear only the more remarkable. Her Magda showed her at her best; it was a most subtle, finished, and perfectly-proportioned characterization, the Bohemian qualities of



GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO

From a pastel by M. Michetti.

the woman being most adroitly suggested, as well as those sterner traits that render Magda one of the most interesting figures in the modern realistic drama. As Camille, Madame Modjeska put to shame all those actresses who make this part an expression of their own coarseness and vulgarity. Her reading of the speeches assigned to Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*, made one realize how fine a literary sense and human sympathy were necessary for the adequate interpretation of this character. There is no other actress on the English-speaking stage who could approach Madame Modjeska in the rôle. As Lady Macbeth, however, the artist showed that she had not as yet mastered this most difficult part. She was fervid and impassioned, but she frequently missed the full significance of the lines, a fault that can very rarely be brought against her. On the whole, however, her work was infused with a really splendid exaltation; she made a glorious figure in the earlier episodes, and in the sleep-walking scene she gave a heartrending picture of despair.

Of the supporting company there is little to be said in praise, and as for the scenery and the supernumeraries, they were most disheartening. It has been stated in Madame Modjeska's defense, that the actress has sustained heavy losses of

property and could not afford the expense of elaborate production. But she certainly could have surrounded herself with a better-drilled company. Mr. Joseph Haworth did some good work during the week, notably in his *Macbeth*, which was a superbly vigorous performance. What a pity it is that, with his intelligence and his sonorous voice, he should be unable to acquire a distinct utterance and to overcome his theatrical mannerisms.

THE WRITER WHO INVESTIGATED a short while ago the habits of celebrated writers, and compiled a table exhibiting the rates of speed at which they compose, should have extended his researches to the writers of plays for the Hebrew theater. His results would have put Mr. Crawford to the blush, and utterly discomfited Mr. Clinton Ross.

The Hebrew theater is not an extensive institution, but its patrons demand great variety of repertoire. The company which has lately been playing in New York at the Bush Street Theater carries with it the manuscript of two hundred plays, and other companies are correspondingly rich in material. Yet four writers furnish the Hebrew drama for almost the whole world.

Abraham Goldfaden is the best known Hebrew dramatist. He started a company of players in Roumania twenty years ago. It failed there, but when transferred to Odessa, succeeded. Since then it has traveled all over Europe, and is now in Paris. The entire repertoire of the company, over a hundred plays, is by Goldfaden.

The American theater is supplied by two writers. Joseph Lateiner, who is the more successful financially, has written two hundred plays during the past ten years. According to the manager of the Bush Street Theater, he is under contract to write for one New York playhouse eight dramas each year.

On the authority of the same person, Mr. Abraham Horwitz seems to us more extraordinary than Mr. Lateiner. He has also written two hundred plays or so, and is capable of working eighteen consecutive hours. To quote from the Bush Street manager: "About two years ago one of Mr. Horwitz's plays failed so completely that after the first night the managers told him they must take it off and put on a tried play instead. Far from being downcast Mr. Horwitz at once set to work, and three days later he called at the theater with three finished acts of *The Love of Jerusalem*."

If Mr. Greenberg, of the Bush Street Theater, can be relied upon as an authority, he has given a curious glimpse into an almost unsuspected corner



MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
WHO IS NOW LECTURING IN THIS COUNTRY
From a photograph by Russell & Sons, London

of the world of letters, which might well be worth a more careful study than was made by a reporter from the *New York World*, aided by Mr. Greenberg.

"IF YOU WANT TO WRITE plays go on the stage and act! Then you'll know how to get your effects from the other side of the footlights." This was the advice recently given to an aspiring young dramatist by a New York manager. It was probably offered a few years ago to H. V. Esmond, author of *One Summer Day*, which John Drew lately put on in New York. Mr. Esmond certainly had some good examples to follow, the last being no less a dramatist than Mr. A. W. Pinero, who for about ten years was an actor, "and a deuced poor one," according to a famous comedian who used to play with him. At any rate, Mr. Esmond has learned his trade of dramatist by smirching his face with grease paint. But, together with a few good things, what a lot of bad things actors learn—what foolish notions about manners, and bearing, and speech, about "getting effects," "making points," "working up situations"—not to speak of a score of other fallacies expressed in their jargon! Some of these Mr. Esmond has either es-

caped learning or has worked out of. But he has not escaped the alluring glitter of the stale, old dramatic expedients. When he wrote the first act of *One Summer Day*, he was every inch an actor. Those tedious old gypsies! What device could be more theatrical! Then, too, that affair of the dead brother with the gypsy girl—and the child he left behind. Oh, he had married her! Perhaps that marriage represented a new touch. But it made the living brother's pretense of being the father of the child all the more ridiculous. Of course, the nice girl who loved the hero was allowed to suspect him for a while, and to give her hand to that other fellow, and, of course, it was all explained in the end. How tiresome it seems in retrospect! And yet, after that first act when Mr. Esmond became interested in his work and forgot about the footlights and the paint and the black stuff under the eyes and the dusty wigs, he actually wrote some charming love scenes and some pretty bits of comedy. But, after all, the piece left you tired in the end, and wondering if the evening had been really profitable from any point of view. Perhaps it is always profitable to see how gracefully and naturally John Drew can act under nearly all circumstances. In Miss Isabel Irving and her companions he had excellent support.

HENRY MILLER has made a hit at the Garden Theater, New York, in his new piece, *The Master*, by G. Stuart Ogilvie. The comedy, which has nothing to do with Mr. I. Zangwill's novel of the same name, is a simple and straightforward treatment of a natural and old-fashioned theme. *The Master* is one of those great-hearted, wrong-headed devils who are fond of asserting their parental authority by turning their children out of doors. They occur frequently enough in melodrama just as they occur in life. But Mr. Ogilvie has been too clever to treat his hero melodramatically. On the contrary, he has endowed *The Master* with very human attributes and made him the pivot of a pretty, old-fashioned story. Of course, in the end, the children come back, the girl with her honorable husband and her honorable baby, and the boy from the wars, with honors galore. Everybody leaves the theater pleased, after a very pleasant evening's entertainment. The piece is, on the whole, uncommonly well played. As *The Master*, Mr. Henry Miller indulges, as usual, in the plain chant. Before he took to acting, Mr. Miller must have been a choir-boy. In his most impassioned moments he sings his lines like a—well, like a choir-boy who has lost his soprano.



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

AS ANGELICA KNOWLTON IN CLYDE FITCH'S PLAY,
NATHAN HALE

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

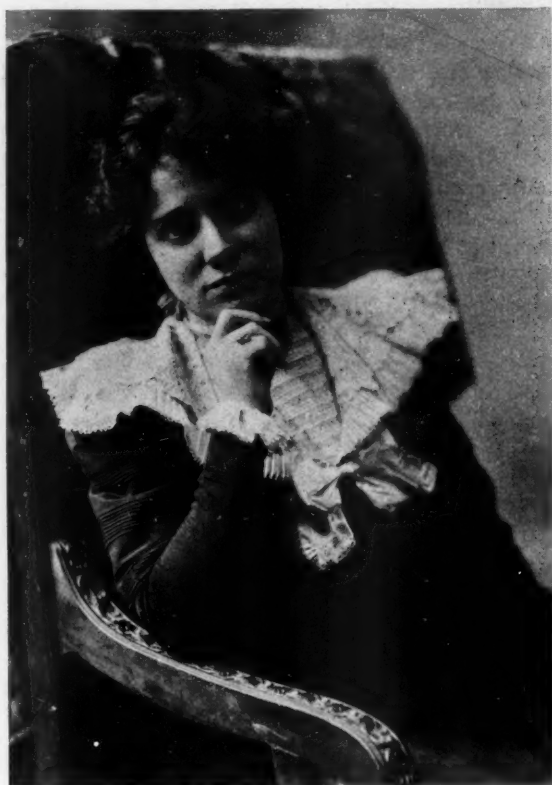
AT THE BERKELEY LYCEUM in New York, the Criterion Independent Theater has lately given a week's performances of *El Gran Galeato*, a drama adapted from the Spanish of Echegaray, by Miss Maude Banks. The work, though strongly dramatic, is altogether too psychological to appeal to the average audience; in other words, it is exactly the kind of play that ought to be produced by the kind of organization exemplified by the Criterion Independent Theater. Consequently, as the performance proved to be thoroughly competent, and in several particulars, exceptionally fine, the production may justly be said to have greatly redounded to the credit of the promoters.

El Gran Galeato deserves distinction as the first drama to lift the sordid subject of gossip to the height of a great psychological motive. Echegaray has, furthermore, adapted this motive with marvelous cunning to the purposes of the theater. In the earlier scenes of the first act, with a few simple and effective strokes of character, he presents his case. We are introduced to a delightful household in Madrid, consisting of three people, an enthusi-

astic and generous-hearted husband of middle age, a high-minded young wife, and a serious youth, whose mind is absorbed in the poetic drama he is writing. The husband loves the youth, who is the son of his old friend, now dead, as if he were his own son, and the three are living in unclouded happiness together. Suddenly the envenomed tongue of Madrid poisons the atmosphere of their home. All three hear the insidious slander at the same time. The husband repudiates it; the wife and the youth turn their eyes from each other in shame. But the poison has already begun to do its work. In a short time it drives the husband nearly frantic, and it develops a series of disasters leading to his death and to the enforced union of the two other unfortunates. Every step in the drama is logical, every step serves the play of character. The only suggestion of theatrical device to be found in the whole work is at the climax, which is perhaps a little too well rounded to carry absolute conviction. Here Echegaray betrays his old devotion to the romantic traditions. Your dyed-in-the-wool realist, instead of boldly projecting the forcing of the young people into each other's arms, would have merely suggested it as the inevitable outcome. This, however, is very close criticism. *El Gran Galeato* must be accepted as one of the strongest dramas representing the new movement in the theater, which has come to us from Europe. Miss Maude Banks deserves our praise for adapting it so admirably, with so rare a fidelity to the author's spirit, and the Criterion Independent Theater has fairly won our gratitude for its courage in producing it before ungrateful, skeptical, and contemptuous New York.

The acting was worthy of the drama. It is worth noting that in realistic plays actors nearly always appear at their best; the natural material has the effect of making them natural. The best work was done by Mr. Eben Plympton as the husband; he played with really splendid fervor in the strongest scenes, and with a delightful discretion in the lighter situations. Mr. John Blair, as the poet, made the hit of his career; early in the evening, he appeared somewhat heavy for the rôle, but when called upon to express intense emotion he gave a most inspiring exhibition of power. As the wife, Miss Maude Banks showed that, after years of hard work, she has become one of the most effective and intelligent of our realistic actresses.

AN UNFORESEEN AND UNSUSPECTED peril is dogging the steps of the young lady-novelist. Miss Virna Woods, writing *An Elusive Lover*, makes the story depend upon the double personality



MISS JULIA MARLOWE

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

of her hero—a blandly-conceived and mildly-executed Jekyll-Hyde study in "psychics." But, for simplicity's sake, she effects the transformation from the rich pleasure-seeker to the struggling artist by means of wine or strong drink. Had it been a question of law, the lady-novelist could have consulted a lady-attorney, or, if a matter of therapeutics, a lady-physician. Being a matter of mere drunkenness, the writer is forced to draw upon her imagination. The draft is met by abundant funds in bank—for does not the novel disclose that the two individualities are jealous rivals for the hand of one girl, and that one of them is charged with the murder of the other? Therefore, when the rich young man desires to become the painter, he calls to his man, saying,

"Bring me two bottles of Mumm, a pint of Sauterne, and a flask of Burgundy from the new case of Pommard."

Even the man ventures the assertion, "You know what'll happen if you drink that yourself," as he brings the bottles, and the totalest of abstainers can picture the probable result. Still the episode is unconvincing—lacking in the corroborative detail

which Mr. Gilbert points out as leading to verisimilitude. Careful study of the text reveals the fault: There is no answer to the natural question, What did he want that pint of Sauterne for?

Why cannot some clubman of mingled benevolence and experience set up as literary adviser in the premises?

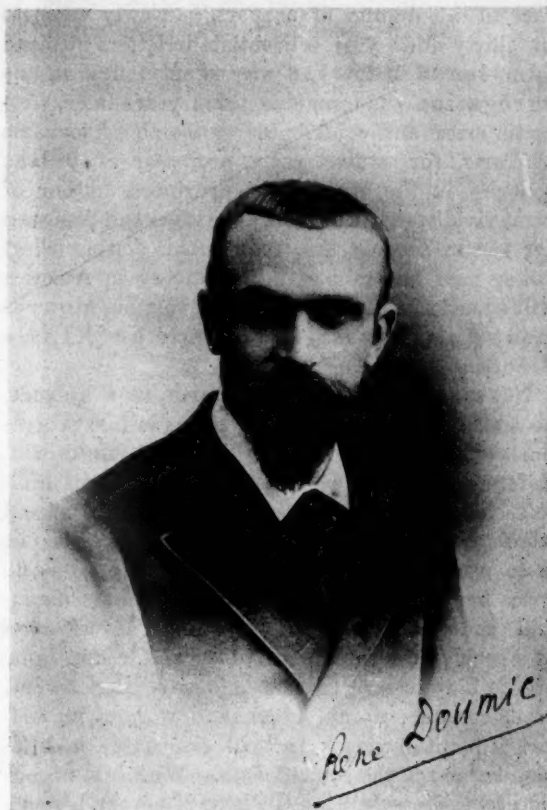
NOT THE LEAST interesting feature of the trial of M. Zola, says the Academy, is the opportunity it has given Mr. David Christie Murray to prove himself still a special correspondent of unusual vividness and vigor. Mr. Murray is, of course, heart and soul with the novelist, and letters inspired by such zeal, and so colored with enthusiasm, are, of course, more moving than letters written from a dispassionate standpoint. For sheer interest Mr. Murray's descriptions in the Daily News have excelled those in any of the other papers.

THIS PASSAGE from Mr. Murray's description of Maître Labori's speech will explain his method:

Time and again he awoke the anger of the crowd, and time and again he jungled it down. Whenever they raised a disdainful laugh at a fact or an argument, he turned with a repetition of it more uncompromising than the original, and the many interruptions seemed a spur to him. The words, "A patriot like Zola," evoked a storm of groans and hisses. He turned like a lion. "I say it. A patriot like Zola—a patriot with a braver heart, a clearer vision, a loftier love of his own land than is owned by any of the shallow-minded swallowers of phrases who rage at him. One of these days you will recognize your own folly and his greatness." He stood a second or two, as if challenging a new outburst. There was complete silence. "Ah, well, then," he said, with a touch of fighting laughter in his voice, "I continue." And he went back to his argument.

IT IS TO THE HONOR of M. Anatole France that he signed the letter of protestation in favor of a revision of the Dreyfus trial, and expressed in court his belief in M. Zola's sincerity, inasmuch as he has already expressed in print his views of Zola's character and work. The passage appears in the first volume of *La Vie Littéraire*:

That M. Emile Zola formerly had, I will not say a great talent, but a large talent, is possible. That he still retains some shreds of it is credible, but I avow that I have all the difficulty in the world to admit it. His work is bad, and he is one of those unhappy beings of whom it may be said that it would have been better had they never been born. Truly I do not deny to him his detestable glory. Nobody before him has raised up so high a heap of filth. That is his monument, the greatness of which cannot be contested. . . . There is in all of us, in the little as in the great, among the humble and the proud, an instinct of beauty, a desire for that which adorns and for that which decorates, which, spread over the world, constitute the charm of life. M. Zola



RENÉ DOUMIC

LITERARY EDITOR OF THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES
NOW LECTURING AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

does not know it. There is in man an infinite need of loving which renders him divine. M. Zola does not know it. Desire and modesty mingle in certain souls in delicious gradations. M. Zola does not know it. There are upon earth magnificent forms and noble thoughts; there are pure souls and heroic hearts. M. Zola does not know it. Many weaknesses even, many errors and faults, have their touching beauty. Their grief is sacred. The holiness of tears is at the bottom of all religions. Misfortune would suffice to render man august to man. M. Zola does not know it. He does not know that the Graces are decent, that philosophic irony is indulgent and good-tempered, and that human things inspire only two sentiments to well-constructed minds—admiration or pity. M. Zola is worthy of profound pity.

NOT THE LEAST DISTINGUISHED of Les Jeunes whom he celebrates, Professor René Doumic has just been lent us by France, as M. Brunetière was last year. He has already begun at Harvard his brilliant lectures on Romanticism.

Though not the professor of a new method in criticism—this, France does not need at present—M. Doumic is so fortunate in his presentment of criticism that he may be said, à la M. le Comte de Montesquiou-Fezenac, "to have raised litera-

ture to the dignity of a sport." Newly come to his thirty-ninth year, a licentiate in letters *summa cum laude* before he was twenty, first in the *agrégation* examinations three years later, dramatic critic and contributor to the ablest journals of Paris, for twelve years professor of belles lettres in the capital and provinces, author of eight vividly-written books, all critical and designed for use in schools, the lectures this distinguished young man has prepared for delivery in America will soon form a part of his ninth volume, *Mouvement Intellectuel en France au XIX^{me} Siècle*.

Not the least of the charms which, as a lecturer, he adds to his sparkling essays, lies in his "shoot-ing without a rest," as the Scotch dominie said. Reference to notes, even, he does not permit himself—he holds his audience by that direct appeal which so seldom fails. Of all the material he is to use during his American visit, there is no space here to speak. But it will include a general consideration of the romantic development of French literature, both prose and verse. The preliminary classic period he calls impersonal, unpicturesque, unindividual, and without an historical point of view. In 1820 Lamartine laid the foundation for the romanticists. With him is considered Alfred de Vigny, Victor Hugo in his earlier work, Sainte-Beuve and Alfred de Musset—this last affording an opportunity for comparison with Mr. Swinburne's delightful essay on *The Two Alfreds*.

Finally, it is to be noted that in M. Doumic comes an orator of finished style and precision, who adds to the wit for which he is famed, all the prime excellence of being always and insistently of his own time—contemporaneous—of this day itself.

CORRESPONDENCE

MINOR POETS AGAIN

NEW BRIGHTON, PA., March 1, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

I REMEMBERED, upon reading Pierre La Rose's article on *Very Minor Poetry* in a recent number of *THE CHAP-BOOK*, that I, too, had years ago read the wonderful poem entitled *The Maple Dell*. Pleasant memories of its charms impelled me to a search for the long-lost volume, and it was at length found—I tell it with shame—its light hidden under many bushels of rubbish in a garret. I had already sympathized deeply with Mr. La Rose in his sorrow for the disappearance of his copy of the book, but only upon finding and re-reading it did I realize the full extent of his loss, and I determined, thereupon, to

do my utmost to rescue from oblivion this treasure which an unappreciative public has allowed to slip from its grasp.

With the hope that *THE CHAP-BOOK* would lend its columns to the praiseworthy undertaking of perpetuating at least in part a work of art which otherwise seems likely to become entirely lost to the world of letters, I have ventured to prepare a few extracts, calculated to exhibit the beauties of form and color possessed by the poem, and have endeavored, at the same time, to tell in outline the story, which is in itself—apart from the telling—a masterpiece of dramatic conception.

The curtain rises upon the tender scene of a mother pleading with her daughter to reject an objectionable suitor, saying:

Adelia, wait longer; 'tis solemn to wed,
You would be safer, Adelia my child,
If you would reject him.

But Adelia, true daughter of Eve, persists in her purpose, and pleads:

O mother, I love him! Do, do let me go!
Without him my heart is an organ of woe.

What fond mother could resist such an appeal? She relents, and Adelia marries the lawyer, although

Her mother and brothers refuse to attend,
To see her united to Jurist, her friend.

Alas! Her mother's prophecy is fulfilled. Jurist, actuated by mercenary motives in marrying Adelia, secures possession of her money and dissipates it in riotous living.

He mixed ale and porter, wine, brandy, and beer;
They boiled in his stomach, the riot was near.

It was near and it arrived. He abuses his wife in his drunken fits, and when she remonstrates, replies:

Adelia, I swear that you are another
Pious fanatic, and worse than your mother.

After a year or more of such treatment, even Adelia's patience is exhausted; she flies with her child to the mountain and takes up her abode in a deserted cabin.

There the sweetest berries grew,
And spiders and mosquitoes, too.

But deserted and destitute though she is, her hopeful nature prompts her to say:

While life remains there still is hope
That erring ones will cease to tope.

And indeed, though the erring one does not "cease to tope," he does return to her, attracted by the pittance she is earning by teaching school, which he appropriates to his own uses.

A new actor now appears upon the scene, for Jurist tires of Adelia, and we are informed

A gay new love he'd sought and found.

This "new love" is Delilah, who is from this time to occupy the center of the stage, only relinquishing it to Adelia to enable her to say farewell before the curtain falls. Now are described at length the loves of Jurist and Delilah in the *Maple Dell*, to the leafy shades of which we are introduced. Jurist's powers as a lover are here so faith-

fully portrayed that we cease to marvel at Adelia's infatuation.

In his first interview with Delilah, while

The full-orbed moon shines nice and bright,
he declares in impassioned accents:

Most beautiful you skate and swim,
There's agile grace in every limb;
You're like the fleetest horse or hound,
Winning all admiration round.
So gaily you dance o'er the earth
You must be of Titanic birth;
Themis and you must surely be
Of the same consanguinity.

Jealous Delilah, not satisfied, rejoins:

The best of girls proclaim your praise.

and implores him:

Now promise 'neath the maple leaves
To never get in love with these.

But the wily and practiced Lothario is not to be entrapped, and stops her lips with honeyed words:

Delilah, your fine liquid eyes
Will always charm the great and wise;
Yours are the handsome bust and neck
That gifted artists love to deek.

Delilah's doubts are swept away upon this torrent of admiration, and she tells Jurist that he must get a divorce at once, that Adelia is an unsuitable mate for him, and says:

With her no lawyer could reside.
His gifted mind of polished lore
She'd think was rusty iron ore.

Jurist, enraptured, cries:

Delilah, with you I agree,
You are my true affinity.
Affectionate, sweet little miss,
Come to my arms and get a kiss.

But Adelia stands in the way of their happiness. They decide that she must be removed from their path, and Jurist says:

The law will not impede my course,
She went to grass, I'll have divorcee.

Many more touching scenes are depicted, but we have already spent too long a time in the Maple Dell, and must turn the page. Jurist institutes proceedings in the courts of Pennsylvania for divorce, and it is in the following plea before the court that he uses the words quoted, or rather misquoted, by Mr. La Rose:

My heavy yoke is hard to bear,
It often makes me drink and swear;
Oh! Penn, have mercy! Set me free
From clanking chains of slavery.
Give Adelia fits of mania,
Ring the bells of Pennsylvania.

Eloquent though his plea, it is in vain. Adelia appears before the court and tells her pitiful story. Justice prevails, and his case is dismissed.

Nevertheless,

It was the lawyer's legal scheme
To bury her in Lethe's stream,
While he went chaperoning on.

And not to be balked, he sues in the state of New Jersey, and by dint of dishonorable stratagem secures a decree of divorce unknown to Adelia.

She, incensed at this injustice, indites a stinging philippic against the New Jersey courts, in which she asks:

Did perjury in a fleecy of wool
Over your eyes securely pull,
Till your orbs turned a handsome pink,
Red as the best vermilion ink?

But her fate is sealed, her fight is over, Jurist and Delilah have gone their way, and the last we see of the wronged wife is this pitiful picture:

Adelia stands on a mountain side
And gladly leaves the past,
With conscience clear to walk alone
Where dangers are less vast.
She stood at the altar a trusting bride,
And thought of no breakers near
To wreck their love on the boiling tide.
Of foaming lager beer.

What could be finer than this? The poem was written by Mrs. O. A. Powers about the year 1876, and was published by Lippincott's.

EDWARD HOOPES.

THE LAST WORD

BEFORE the April night was late
A rider came to the castle gate;
A rider breathing human breath,
But the words he spoke were the words of Death.

"Greet you well from the King, our lord,
He marches hot for the Eastward ford;
Living or dying, all or one,
Ye must keep the ford till the race be run."

Sir Alain rose with lips that smiled,
He kissed his wife, he kissed his child:
Before the April night was late
Sir Alain rode from the castle gate.

He called his men-at-arms by name,
But one there was uncalled that came:
He bade his troop behind him ride,
But there was one that rode beside.

"Why will you spur so fast to die?
Be wiser ere the night go by.
A message late is a message lost;
For all your haste, the foe had crossed.

"Are men such small, unmeaning things
To strew the board of smiling Kings?
With life and death they play their game,
And, life or death, the end 's the same.'"

Softly the April air above
Rustled the woodland homes of love:
Softly the April air below
Carried the dreams of buds that blow.

Is he that bears a warrior's fame
To shun the pointless stroke of shame?
Will he that propped a trembling throne
Not stand for right when right 's his own?

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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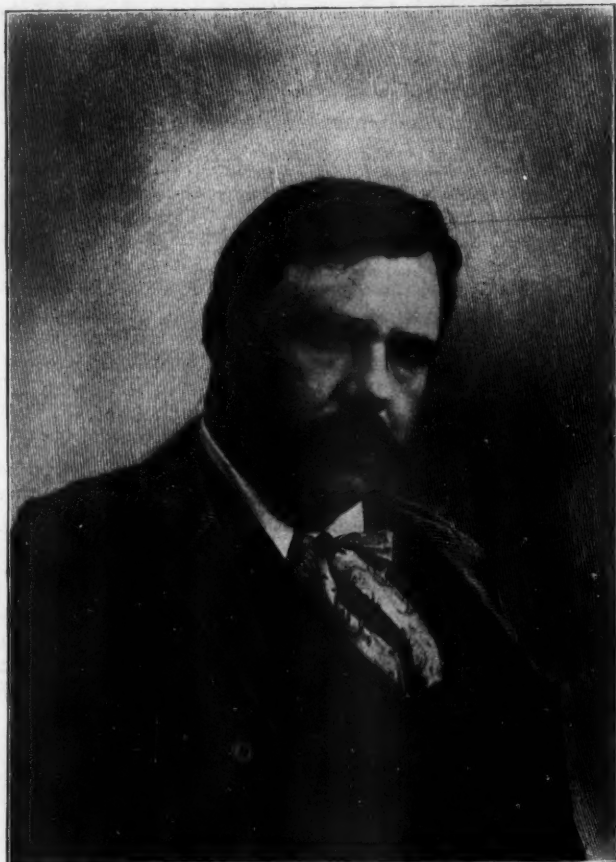
HAROLD FREDERIC

THE personality of Mr. Harold Frederic is probably the one least discussed of the better American novelists. The goings and comings, the manners and the countenances of our leading men of letters are commonly limned with glee and some precision by the popular journals. Frederic has escaped much of it through the fact that his duties of correspondence have obliged him to live the last fifteen years in London, and so has been beyond the range of our inferior artillery. It is probably not very graceful to appear now in the guise of an advanced patrol ultimately potting at a man who has enjoyed the finer kind of peace for fifteen years; and if it were impossible to use these paragraphs to write about the books, the potting of the man would not be done.

One approaches certain sections of the American colony in London with a stealthy footfall. In England, there is sometimes a cousinly outdoing of the English in those matters which are particularly unimportant. A certain sympathetic and singing chord of the mind induces one to advance upon the field with caution. It was my fault to conclude beforehand that, since Frederic had lived intimately so long in England, he would present some kind of austere and impressive variation on one of our national types, and I was secretly not quite prepared to subscribe to the change. It was a bit of mistaken speculation. There was a tall, heavy man, moustached and straight-glanced, seated in a leather chair in the smoking-room of a club, telling a story to a circle of intent people with all the skill of one trained in an American newspaper school. At a distance he might have been even then the editor of the Albany Journal.

The sane man does not live amid another people without seeking to adopt whatever he recognizes as better; without seeking to choose from the new material some advantage, even if it be only a trick of grilling oysters. Accordingly, Frederic was to be to me a cosmopolitan figure, representing many ways of many peoples; and, behold, he was still the familiar figure, with no gilding, no varnish, a great reminiscent panorama of the Mohawk Valley!

It was in Central New York that Frederic was born, and it is there he passed his childish days and his young manhood. He enjoys greatly to tell how he gained his first opinions of the alphabet from a strenuous and enduring study of the letters on an empty soap-box. At an early age he was induced by his parents to arise at 5:30 A.M., and distribute supplies of milk among the worthy populace.



MR. HAROLD FREDERIC

In his clubs, details of this story are well known. He pitilessly describes the gray shine of the dawn that makes the snow appear the hue of lead, and, moreover, his boyish pain at the task of throwing the stiff harness over the sleepy horse, and then the long and circuitous sledding among the customers of the milk route. There is no pretense in these accounts; many self-made men portray their early hardships in a spirit of purest vanity. "And now look!" But there is none of this in Frederic. He simply feels a most absorbed interest in that part of his career which made him so closely acquainted with the voluminous life of rural America. His boyhood extended through that time when the North was sending its thousands to the war, and the lists of dead and wounded were returning in due course. The great country back of the line of fight—the waiting women, the lightless windows, the tables set for three instead of five—was a land elate or forlorn, triumphant or despairing, always strained, eager, listening, tragic in attitude, trembling and quivering like a vast mass of nerves from the shock of the far away conflicts in the South.

Those were supreme years, and yet for the great palpitating regions it seems that the mind of this lad was the only sensitive plate exposed to the sunlight of '61-'65. The book, *In the Sixties*, which contains *The Copperhead*, *Marsena*, *The War Widow*, *The Eve of the Fourth*, and *My Aunt Susan*, breathes the spirit of a Titanic conflict as felt and endured at the homes. One would think that such a book would have taken the American people by storm, but it is true that an earlier edition of *The Copperhead* sold less than a thousand copies in America. We have sometimes a way of wildly celebrating the shadow of a mullein-stalk against the wall of a woodshed, and remaining intensely ignorant of the vital things that are ours. I believe that at about the time of the appearance of these stories, the critics were making a great deal of noise in an attempt to stake the novelists down to the soil and make them write the impressive common life of the United States. This virtuous struggle to prevent the novelists from going ballooning off over some land of dreams and candy-palaces was distinguished by the fact that, contemporaneously, there was Frederic doing his locality, doing his Mohawk Valley, with the strong trained hand of a great craftsman, and the critics were making such a din over the attempt to have a certain kind of thing done, that they did not recognize its presence. All this goes to show that there are some painful elements in the art of creating an American literature by what may be called the rattlety-bang method. The important figures, the greater men, rise silently, unspurred, undriven. To be sure, they may come in for magnificent cudgelings later, but their approach is noiseless, invincible, and they are upon us like ghosts before the critics have time to begin their clatter.

But there is something dismally unfortunate in the passing of *Seth's Brother's Wife*, *In the Valley*, the historical novel, and *The Lawton Girl*. Of course, they all had their success in measure, but here was a chance and a reason for every American to congratulate himself. Another thing had been done. For instance, *In the Valley* is easily the best historical novel that our country has borne. Perhaps it is the only good one. *Seth's Brother's Wife* and *The Lawton Girl* are rimmed with fine portrayals. There are writing men who, in some stories, dash over three miles at a headlong pace, and in an adjacent story move like a boat being sailed over ploughed fields; but in Frederic one feels at once the perfect evenness of craft, the undeviating worth of the workmanship. The excellence is always sustained, and

these books form, with *In the Sixties*, a row of big American novels. But if we knew it we made no emphatic sign, and it was not until the appearance of *The Damnation of Theron Ware* that the book audiences really said: "Here is a writer!" If I make my moan too strong over this phase of the matter, I have only the excuse that I believe the *In the Sixties* stories to form a most notable achievement in writing times in America. Abner Beech, the indomitable and ferocious farmer, with his impregnable disloyalty or conscience, or whatever; Aunt Susan always at her loom making rag-carpet which, as the war deepened, took on two eloquent colors—the blue of old army overcoats and the black of woman's mourning; the guileless Marsena and the simple tragedy of his death—these characters represent to me living people, as if the book breathed.

It is natural that since Frederic has lived so long in England, his pen should turn toward English life. One does not look upon this fact with unmixed joy. It is mournful to lose his work even for a time. It is for this reason that I have made myself disagreeable upon several occasions by my expressed views of March Hares. It is a worthy book, but one has a sense of desertion. We cannot afford a loss of this kind. But, at any rate, he has grasped English life with a precision of hand that is only equaled by the precision with which he grasped Irish life, and his new book will shine out for English eyes in a way with which they are not too familiar. It is a strong and striking delineation, free, bold, and straight.

In the mean time he is a prodigious laborer. Knowing the man and his methods, one can conceive him doing anything, unless it be writing a poor book, and, mind you, this is an important point.

STEPHEN CRANE.

LOVE LAYE SOE STILLE

LOVE laye soe stille upon the snowe
 I thoughte him dead and turned to goe,
 Sighynge that I was free from care,
 That many thynges I nowe colde dare;
 Henceforthe no follie wolde I knowe,—
 To Art alone my life wolde vowe,
 And to the chillie worlde wolde showe
 That all in vain a mayde was fayre,—
 Love laye soe stille!

But o'er the whyte breste of the snowe
 She came with carelesse step and slowe.
 Her swayinge shadowe brushed his hair;—
 He scarcely stirred . . . and yet . . . I sweare
 That he was only sleepynge, though
 Love laye soe stille.

ELIZABETH DIKE LEWIS.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS

II

TO HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: You will excuse the fond familiarity of the address, for you and your works really are "dear" to the faithful. What is it that makes us love some authors from whom we are separated by Time, and the River "which none may cross in a black ship?" These writers, I conceive, thus cherished, were in life the most amiable of men, kind, generous, brave, loyal, and, perhaps, endowed like you, Sir, with the engaging quality of recklessness. These make the man, and, in your novels, we always find the man behind the artist. In our age it is common, indeed, to dwell upon the generosity and untutored virtues of the poor or the degraded, while every critic throws his flint at the self-regarding virtues of the respectable. But to your century this mode of considering things was novel, though it is conspicuous in a not unfamiliar set of writings, by no means new, wherein we read about the Publican and the Pharisee. We are almost inclined to go too far, I think, and we have many Publicans who thank (not God, but) their luck that they are not as other men, nor even as that Pharisee. The new posture has its humor, and it is entertaining to watch deboshed men who plume themselves on being "no hypocrites." In the interests of their wives and families I could wish that they were hypocrites, if hypocrisy includes temperance, honesty, industry, decent language, and soap and water.

You and Mr. Richardson, Sir, I doubt not, understand each other by this time—I mean Mr. Samuel Richardson, who also shone in virtuous peasants, like Pamela. You will not permit Mr. Richardson to see these imperfect lines, in which I venture to congratulate you on Joseph Andrews. To me the virtues of Pamela, I confess, appear like the calculated wiles of a finished minx; and ah, how grateful I am to you for introducing us to that lady after her marriage with Mr. Booby! The good Colonel Newcome has, I am sure, pardoned you for that scene with Joseph in which Lady Booby, after a silence of surprise, exclaims "Your virtue!" Though it shocked the Colonel's excellent aunt, and left a painful impression on his own mind, it appears to myself one of the most comic situations in the world.

You, Sir, were a Whig, and it is too late for us to quarrel over a political question long ago settled in your favor. "On the lovely Tenth of June," you say (the birthday of the best of kings and of men),

"the amorous Jacobite gathers a nosegay of white roses to deck the whiter breast of Celia, who, with a voice, the sweetness of which the Syrens might envy, warbles the harmonious song in praise of the Young Adventurer." It was a great pleasure to me, Sir, as I perused the brown letters, like fallen leaves, of the Young Adventurer, to find that he was an admirer of your delightful genius, and consoled the hours of exile in an obscure retreat, by reading Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews, both in French and English. He requests Mlle. Ferrand ("a scholar, a critic, a wit, and a Jacobite," as your Colonel James sums up the qualities which he dislikes in woman)—he asks this young lady, I say, "de faire avoir une ouvrage de Mr. Fieldings, (auteur de Tom Jones) qui s'appel Joseph Andrews, dans sa langue naturelle, et la traduction aussi." With what emotions must His Royal Highness have perused those chapters of Tom Jones in which he himself seems just about to enter the fictitious stage, and how ruefully he must have smiled at the portrait of his Platonic adherent, Squire Western. In politics alone was the worthy Squire a Platonist. Certainly, Sir, you had nothing to fear from the Restoration of a House which did not "hate Boetry and Bainting."

Of your trilogy of novels, Tom Jones will, no doubt, always be the most famous. In construction the learned are agreed that your romance rivals the famed *Œdipous Rex* of Sophocles. I do not, myself, rate construction so very high among the gifts of genius. Shakespeare, Sir Walter, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Dickens, do not shine in construction, and only the last of these authors makes any serious attempt to do so. How hastily does Shakespeare convert his villains and marry them off to ladies far too good for even better men! How carelessly Sir Walter huddles up his plot! But it is certainly an added charm when a writer with humor so rich, and knowledge of human character so profound and kind as yours, chooses also to be finished, ingenious and complete in workmanship. It is probable that there are too many Odes of the Chorus in Tom Jones; I mean, of course, that your chapters of humorous reflection are apt to be hurried over by the hasty reader. I love them, myself, but, as you were about writing essays, you might have put them forth separately in that form, like Addison, Sir Richard Steele, and others of the wits. It is known that precisely the same objection has been urged, not without bitterness, against Mr. Thackeray. He followed that example of yours, of which his mind was so full that he sometimes repeats the very turn of your phrases—"Amelia's inclinations, when she gave a loose rein

to them, were pretty eager for the diversion, she being a great lover of music, particularly of Mr. Handel's compositions." That phrase might indifferently be Mr. Thackeray's or your own.

In one respect, you appear to me to outshine not only your great follower, but all of our authors: I mean in the portraits of ladies so beautiful, kind, good, manly, and humorous that we must needs fall in love with them. You remember that little picture of Amelia which was stolen? I please myself by thinking that I have discovered it, and am its owner. It is a miniature of a lady with soft, dark hair, drawn up from the brow and piled high on her head. She is dressed in a white evening robe, with cherry-colored slashes (or whatever they are called by the learned), she has the largest and kindest of gray eyes, an expression of much humor and sweetness, and—traces of the celebrated accident to her nose which Dr. Johnson could not overlook. Is not this, Sir, the admired Amelia? I have ventured to scratch "Miss Emmy's" name on the back of the silver case which contains this treasure. Our affections shift between Amelia and Sophia. Each is the perfect woman, neither has the slightest trace of that smallness or jealousy which Mr. Thackeray appears to have been so unfortunate as to find in almost every good woman, except, perhaps, Ethel Newcome and Theo Lambert. But Ethel had other faults, from which Sophia and Amelia are free. How happy must you have been, Sir, if, as we are told, these paragons are drawn from Mrs. Fielding! For you have the art, without small and fatiguing touches, and an elaborate description, to paint these ladies as beautiful as they are good, that rare art which we admire in the portrait of a lady who was a Jacobite, Mistress Beatrix Esmond.

Your heroes are, by your confession, not entirely worthy of such wives—no man, indeed, could be worthy. There is a verse of a foolish song, which appears to express a part of the result of your moral contemplations—

It does not matter what you do,
If your heart is only true;
And his heart was true to Poll!

Mr. Jones' heart was true to Sophia, but we fear that Sophia had a great deal to overlook. The offense of Mr. Booth would be cynical, in the hands of any writer but yourself,—in your hands we smile at it, like the nymphæ faciles of Virgil. Mr. Booth, too, has the grace to be sincerely ashamed of himself, which reminds me to say how admirable a character is Miss Matthews. We hear a mort of talk about "analysis," and "psychology," and other pedantry; for our pedantry differs

from your own, and it is not in Greek that our critics and wits now shine. Miss Matthews would have been stippled and niggled at, by our psychologues, while you paint her, and to the life, with a full brush and a masterly sweep of the pencil. And so you paint all the humorous throng of your world, as Hogarth painted them, but with an added beauty and classical largeness which were not given to your friend. Colonel Booth is certainly a masterpiece of caricature. Would that he could have met that other masterpiece, Squire Western! Surely they exist in some world not ours, and Dominie Sampson has conversed with Parson Adams.

I do not know, Sir, whether your novels are widely read, and I have fears, well-grounded fears, that our critics know very little of them. One of these gentlemen I lately detected, talking of you very learnedly, as inferior to the Muscovite masters and the Irish wits. But he was egregiously and conspicuously ignorant of your books, as I took the liberty to inform him and the Town.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obliged and grateful servant,

A. LANG.

A WOMAN

IF you deceive me,
Ah, deceive me well and kindly!
Lead me, since I follow blindly!
Keep your mask; with roses wreath it;
Save me from the lie beneath it!
Worn for once, to serve your art,
Breaking it, you break my heart.

If you bereave me
Of the love that nourished me,
Ah, bereave me utterly!
Never leave pale Hope to languish
'Twixt suspense and certain anguish.
Cold gray ashes cannot sear,
Nor a few faint embers cheer!

If you leave me,
Let it be within the hour
When Love loses life and power,
Lest dull disenchantment borrow
From the splendor of my sorrow.
Wait not till the heart is dust;
Leave me soon, if leave you must!

If you believe me
When I vow my heart to you,
Ah, believe belief is true;
Turn a doubting ear to doubt;
Drive jade Jealousy without,
All Love's hurts were bravely borne,
Save—from you—one moment's scorn!

LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

FEEDING A FLAME

THE valet was speaking—a weazened, swarthy bit of a man with fierce moustachios and meek brown eyes. He had rushed in, breathlessly, to impart the wondrous news to his master, knowing that all Mexico would ring with it that day. It was as much his duty to keep Don Luis de Vivero, Count del Valle de Orizaba, in fresh news as it was to keep him in fresh linen. A great compliment, indeed, would it be to hear the Count's nonchalant "Ah, yes, Pedro has told me all about it," when great lords would speak of the matter later on. They would be sure to speak of it. There was no doubt that the Jew, Treviño, had desecrated the blessed Image by scourging It with a lash in the dead of night. After he was imprisoned by the agents of the Inquisition, the Dominicans had found It full of purple welts and gaping red scars, as if the little wooden Holy Infant had been actually a babe in the living, mortal flesh. That was the miracle. It would bring fame and valuable votive offerings to the Convent, where it would be exhibited to the greater glory of God and the eternal damnation of all heretics.

"It was most plainly to be seen in the face, your Excellency," went on the valet, in an awed tone.

"H'm!" muttered the Count, incredulously.

"My lord, with these, mine unworthy eyes, I beheld It."

"H'm!"

"This very morning, Don Luis."

"Pedro," said the Count, warningly, "Master I-Saw-It leads many men to hell; and sometimes even to jail."

"But I did, most Excellent. If you will deign to accompany me, I will—"

"Make me a party to thine inebriate mendacity?"

"I do not know what that may mean. But I do know that whoso will may see the marvelous sight even now in the blessed church of Santo Domingo, my lord Count. The holy priests have it in their keeping. They permitted me, in their kindness, to behold it. I was the first in the city to see it. Friar Anselmo said: 'Thou art of the household of the Count del Valle de Orizaba?' 'I am, your reverence, and very proud to serve Don Luis,' said I. 'I know thy master,' he said. And then I went in, while the crowd gaped."

"By virtue of my reverend friend's condescension, thou art the poorer in purse by how much, Pedro?"

"Only a mite, a mere trifle, which I vowed would be paid as soon as I had had word with your

Excellency. Indeed, the good fathers did not ask me for it, but I thought it well, since your livery has been so honored before all Mexico, to promise to pay eight pieces of silver in return for seeing the miracle; and also in payment for the miraculous prayer of the Convent's patron saint, justly famous throughout this New Spain," answered the valet, producing a piece of printed paper and crossing himself devoutly.

"But thou canst not read."

"Your Excellency and the truth are twin brothers. But Father Anselmo said that merely by having it with me and praying nightly three paters and six aves for the space of a month, I should gain one hundred years of indulgence for my soul, to begin immediately after the payment of the diminutive sum in question."

Don Luis smiled, ever so slightly; but he said nothing. One of his friends, betrayed by a servant, had gone before the Inquisition for much less than a sneer against so popular a saint as Santo Domingo.

"But, what of the miracle?" he asked, with a show of interest.

"Oh, master, it was so pitiful. The scars of the lashes on the holy Image's back—"

"On the back? Thou saidst a breath's life ago it was the face that bore the marks of the dog's impious act."

"The back also. When the Jew, in his blasphemous rage, scourged the holy Image of the Child Jesus, the wood, like living flesh, bore the marks of the lash, that he might later be convicted of the horrid deed. Two gaping red wounds across each sacred cheek; likewise the blessed thighs and the holy calves; and three of the beatified toes are missing, torn off cruelly—oh, I cannot go on! And touching the matter of the eight—"

"By all means protect thy soul. Speak to my steward. And, if thou art not too sleepy, an extra pater or two—"

"Ten shall I say, seven being for your Excellency's soul—"

"Am I, then, twice needful of mercy as thou? There, there, go; and if thou hearest aught more of the miracle, come to me."

It was in sooth marvelous, this case of the Jew, Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, who was accused before the Holy Office, the dread Inquisition, of having reverted to the faith of his forefathers.

It was the 29th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1649, and King Philip's most loyal city of Mexico was all astir with the news. As the Count walked forth from his wonderful blue-tiled palace, which was one of the sights of the old capital of

Montezuma, he saw low-browed, sullen Indians ambling through the streets; in their eyes the fire of hatred for the dominant race had died out; in its place there was now a sinister blackness, that showed through the besottedness of their pulque-drunkard's heavy stare. It might have been a half-awakened interest in their eternal souls due to what they had heard of the probable fate of the Jew. Everywhere groups of interested listeners surrounded impassioned and vehemently horrified orators who were talking of Treviño. It was evident that witnesses would be as abundant as the leaves of the forest, and as voluble as the mountain streams. Imaginations were vivid in New Spain.

"The store of faggots for the Jew's pyre is growing apace," said the Count to himself.

Ah, the fearful ejaculations, the devout crossings! Old women would stop to listen; and then hurry away to church, mumbling prayers to their patron saint, imploring him to intercede with the Son of God, that a terrible plague might be averted. They felt that the city reasonably might expect some stupendous punishment for having harbored the blasphemous wretch so long.

All that Don Luis knew was that Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte had become "reconciled"—as the delicious euphemism was for confessing heresy, and becoming reconciled to Catholicism—before the Holy Inquisition at an imposing *auto da fé* celebrated in the church of the Convent of Santo Domingo many years before, and had solemnly promised to forswear the gods of Israel and the worship of Forbidden Things. He had not only been false to his oath and to the true God, but had even continued to act as a sort of leader among his black-hearted and evil-souled co-religionists.

In the Alameda a half-breed was speaking, and Don Luis paused to listen. The crowd made way for him respectfully; he was a well-known noble and one of the best swordsmen in the kingdom. Also, the life of an Indian was unimportant, and he was said to be choleric.

"I lived in Guadalajara when this cursed heretic had a shop there. Woe is me, I frequently purchased things from him, for the dog sold his wares very cheap, and I never was intimate with Mistress Money. He was then known as Jerónimo de Represa. My confessor says I must make a pilgrimage barefooted to some holy shrine. I much fear my offense, unconscious though it was, will not soon be forgotten of the saints; and if any of you know some good and well-tried prayer for such cases, I pray him give it me without delay, for sleep and I are as much strangers these eight nights past, as a widow and modesty."

"What didst thou, Guadalajara?"

"What did I? Have ye, then, not heard? The mere mention of it is a grievous sin."

"Tell us!" chorused the crowd, eagerly.

"Good friends, would that I dared!"

A babel of imploring voices rang out. An old woman crossed herself hastily as a precautionary measure, and said: "Go on, my son. Do."

"It is known that others than myself fell into the same sin, unconsciously, but none the less—"

"Tell us of the sin, not the sinners," interrupted the old woman. She forgot to cross herself in her impatience. Later she would remember her omission and tremble.

"Friends, the dog's shop had two entrances. Under the one he had buried an image of the Holy Christ, so that whenever a Christian went into the cursed place to buy, he unwittingly trod on the sacred Crucifix!"

A shudder ran through the crowd. The tale exceeded their wildest hopes of horror. The old woman crossed herself tremblingly. Her face was like that of a corpse—an Indian corpse.

"And," continued the speaker, "those customers who entered by that door always secured the better bargain; they ever found the Jew laughing good-humoredly. Little did they know that it was his joy at seeing good Christians insulting their God!"

"Cease, wretched man!" cried a stern voice.

It was Friar Anselmo of the Convent of Santo Domingo. His ascetic face was well known; his mysterious office was suspected; both were feared.

"Thy name?" he said.

The half-breed grew livid. "I—I—" he stammered.

"Thou shalt bear witness against the heretic before the Holy Office."

The crowd dispersed hastily. It was not well to go before the Inquisition in any capacity whatever. Mild testimony against a Jew might subject the witness to suspicions of his own orthodoxy; and even the most zealous son of the Church cannot always invent uncontradictory evidence on the spur of the moment. Besides which, the Inquisition punished other offenses than heresy.

Don Luis stayed because he and the Dominican were old school friends, and because he was curious to hear more.

"Thy name?" repeated the monk.

"Cayetano Medina, your reverence's servant."

He looked ill at ease; he was telling the truth now.

"Thou knowest the thing whereof thou wert speaking?"

"Ye—yes."

"Thou canst repeat it, then, to the Holy Office. Don Luis, you heard this man, Cayetano Medina, say incredible things of the dog of a blasphemer. We may need you if peradventure this man's memory should fail him, through the sorcery of the heretic, as has happened with other witnesses ere this. The black arts of the accursed blasphemer enable them to warp weak men's tongues at certain times by the aid of the Evil One, whom they worship."

"I heard this man say truly horrible things. But, if he knew the Jew had buried the sacred Christ under the door, why said he nothing then? How does he know it now?" asked Don Luis.

"That is for him to say, at the right time and proper place. Surely, you do not doubt the possibility of the deed? Beware, my lord Count, lest busy tongues—"

"The Count del Valle de Orizaba is responsible only to his King and to his God," interrupted Don Luis, haughtily. "Suspicious of his faith, as of his honor, are to be entertained by none, be he priest or layman."

"Curb your temper, my lord. I am of the Lord's anointed."

"Nay, Anselmo," said the Count, in a friendly tone, using the familiar "thou;" "nay, thou art my old playmate, and I am thine. But I love not to mingle with the low in any capacity."

"Luis," said the Friar, earnestly, "thou art a loved brother, but there is One I love more than thee, and in His service thou must appear before the Holy Tribunal to bear witness of this man's speech. I am preparing the charges against the heretic. They are numerous and incredibly horrible. In a fortnight we hold an *auto da fé*. Thou, too, must come. God be with thee."

"Adios."

They went their ways, the priest wondering at the unspeakable evil of all heretics, and the Count marveling at many things he dared not say to any man, woman or Indian in the loyal and opulent kingdom of New Spain.

In the mean time even more horrible stories circulated freely—dark tales of sacrilegious ceremonies in the dead of night, of unutterable desecrations of the Host, and hideous mockeries of sacred things. Good folk slept ill that week in Mexico. Old women did not sleep at all; they spent the night in the churches, praying ceaselessly. In the daytime they helped the stronger sex curse the heretic, his father, his mother, his co-religionists, and all the fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, children and household animals of his co-religionists. For of such was the Kingdom of the Seven Hells. Amen.

The Holy Inquisition determined to hold the

most imposing *auto da fé* ever celebrated in the New World. The Black Drag-Net was cast, and one hundred and nine heretics were gathered, four-and-seventy men and thirty-five women. By good luck, one man suspected of belonging to the accursed sect of Luther and Calvin was discovered; the species was relatively rare, the last specimen having been Enrique de Baz, a Hamburg Lutheran, "reconciled" in 1621.

Accounts of the "sumptuous" affair of the 11th of April, 1649, were later to be printed and circulated throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom—curious little pamphlets like the English chap-books of that period—in archaic orthography and quaint diction, containing the complete accusations, the particular forms of torture used, and minute details of the behavior of the tortured.

Arm in arm, on the morning of the fateful day, Friar Anselmo and Don Luis started for the Plaza del Volador, where the *auto da fé* was to be held. Never had the streets been so crowded. Ill-clad Indians, whose highest aspiration was a never-realized sufficiency of pulque, elbowed thrifty Spanish shopkeepers and pushed King Philip's men-at-arms recklessly in their haste to be in at the deaths. But all made way respectfully at the Count's haughty Paso, or to the Dominican's stern "Free way for the Church, my children"—chiefly to the latter. The Count's rapier might pierce limbs or lungs; but it did not compare with boiling oil or the rack as a discomforter.

A platform of extraordinary dimensions and brilliant decoration had been erected against the principal façade of the College of the Dominicans of Portacœli, looking on the Square del Volador. One of the windows of the College served as a door, through which the judges and the accused could pass on to the stage. The structure alone cost 7,000 pesos. The canopy over it cost 2,800 pesos more, 4,300 varas of cloth having been used on it.

"Judging from the private examinations of the one hundred and nine accused," observed the Dominican, regretfully, as they entered the College, "Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, I fear, is the only one who will be burned. The others all have acknowledged their guilt and profess penitence. The rack or the garrote will do for them."

The Count took a seat on the stage and looked out on the Square. He saw a sea of covered heads—straw hats and felt *sombreros*, cloth caps and steel helmets, women's mantillas and martial casques; for nobles and villains of both sexes and of all colors were there. Later, the headgear of the multitude was doffed, and the cranial sea swayed and undulated, as Inquisitors and accused appeared

on the platform. The billows of humanity, the Count thought, were interesting to watch, while mirthless monks read lengthy and arid accusations through their noses. The eagerness that shone in the ten thousand eyes which seemed to be staring straight at the Count made him pensive. It was truly a mighty thing, the True Faith.

Overhead, the sky was of a wonderful limpid turquoise; the clouds were of fluffy new cotton—bunches of tangled silver yarn that moved indolently over the blue world-roof. It was a ravishing sky, a perfect day. There were more than five-score of heretics on trial; many of them must of necessity be tortured. The crowd drew in a thankful breath and kept a difficult silence, for taciturn reverence struggled with vociferous fanaticism. If shouting in the benches of the bull-ring were forbidden under penalty of death, the toreros would doubtless starve for lack of patronage. But at times a hoarse rumbling sound would come to the Count's ears—the strange noise of closely-packed thousands of human beings that merely moved forward an inch.

The curtain rose at last on the grim tragedy. The well-known actors of the day, Ignorance, Stupidity, Superstition, Fear, Credulity, and Mendacity came out, bowed, raised their eyes to heaven, said their speeches, and sat down. The audience shouted hoarsely. The clouds glimmered argently. Thy sky turquoised incredibly. Then the old Duke, Merciless Superstition, took the center of the stage, inflated his chest and declaimed. His elocution was faulty; he ranted; but then his sentences were death-sentences. The audience gave little gasps of awe, and the Count jotted down results on the tablets of his memory. Seven embraced by the "maiden" for relapsing into Judaism; eight, ditto ditto for having falsely professed penitence—six of the latter being females, ever a deceitful sex; ten, broken on the rack—compressed, bent and twisted until their bones resembled bundles of toothpicks wrapped in raw beefsteak; seven-and-forty other Jews sent to Abraham's bosom by that expeditious conveyance, the garrote. The Count then lost the number.

Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte came forth to know his fate. It was to differ from that of the preceding victims. The management had adroitly reserved the choicest morsel for the last. It was a most judiciously considered climax, and reflected great credit on the dramatists. The simultaneous indrawing of five thousand breaths was the sincerest praise. The multitude felt that they had not misplaced their confidence in the Inquisition; and the Inquisition felt pleased and looked complacent.

Friar Anselmo had drawn up the case against the Jew. He had gone about it enthusiastically and thoroughly. He had rounded up hundreds of witnesses. The Dominican was conscious of having performed a sacred and pleasing duty in a way to compel praise from his colleagues and admiration from the Deity. From time to time, as he read from his notes, he glanced toward the Count for approval. But Don Luis was busy, watching Sobremonte's deep-set, haggard eyes. Violent shudders, tremors of the limbs, twitchings of the hands, were merely conventional manifestations of physical fear, the nervousness of uncomfortable reminiscences. But the heretic's eyes told stories. He seemed to realize that he was doomed. The racial stubbornness of the Jew was beginning to show in the firmer-set jaw and in the sullenness of the eyes. Later, it would be replaced by religious exaltation—the soul drunkenness of the martyr—and the Count would be repaid for his unblinking scrutiny.

"Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, at one time calling yourself Jerónimo de la Represa, native of Medina de Rio Seco, in Castile the Old, son of Antonio Treviño de Sobremonte and Leonor Martinez de Villagomez, the latter having once appeared before the Holy Inquisition of Valladolid for Judaism, you stand accused of the double sin of heresy and of falsity to the oath sworn by you," read the Dominican, nasally, "at the private auto da fé celebrated in the Church of the Convent of Santo Domingo, in this city of Mexico, on the fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord 1625. Your offense is beyond commensurate human castigation. The Lord in His just wrath will doubtless punish you as your deserts call for, that the majesty of the Deity may be vindicated for all time. Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, you have been consistently and sinfully a Jew, the evidences thereof being manifold and beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"These things are known: No sooner were you set at liberty by the mercy of the Holy Office in 1625 than you resumed your relations with your black-hearted accomplices, covering with the mantle of secrecy your own guilt and their impious deeds and acts. You imparted to them the knowledge of the practices and customs common in the gaols of the Holy Office, that they might govern their actions in the event of being justly imprisoned, and thus be enabled guilefully to evade merited punishment. It is known that you have repeatedly said to your accomplices: 'Deny, deny, and always deny! In negation lies your salvation!'

"You sought in marriage Maria Gomez, the

daughter of Jews and known to be a Jewess. On the day of the wedding you invited thereto, as guests and witnesses, many accursed sectarians of Moses. You observed Judaic rites and ceremonies; at eating time placing a cloth about your head and beginning the meal with a dish of a certain cake or biscuit and bees' honey, and making references to some apocryphal story in the Scriptures, which decreed that it should so be done. Your mother-in-law, Leonor Nuñez, by means of a knife, cut the throats of the chickens that were to be served at the meal; your father-in-law observed like ceremonies, turning his eyes towards the East and thrice muttering ridiculous prayers, subsequently washing his hands three times in cold water.

"In 1635, when your mother-in-law, your sister-in-law, Ana Gomez, and your brother-in-law, Francisco Lopez de Blandon, were cast into prison for heresy, you induced your wife and your sister-in-law, Isabel Nuñez, to appear before the Holy Office and voluntarily acknowledge their Judaism and make false protestations of their desire to embrace the true faith, hoping to avoid, by such abominable hypocrisy, the punishment meted to recalcitrant infidels.

"It is known that you continually practiced prolonged fasts, alleging false illnesses and fraudulent lack of appetite. Also, you confessed, after the manner of Jews, kneeling in a corner and with divers other ugly and unbecoming ceremonies. Also, you would not attend Mass.

"Also, when you walked forth in the streets among Catholics, and passing acquaintances greeted you with Good morning or Good evening, you would not reply, Blessed be the Most Holy Sacrament, but say instead, I kiss your Mercies' hands, an obvious subterfuge to evade a response usual and pleasing to all true Catholics, hoping by excess of simulated humility to avoid suspicion of your true character.

"It is known that your wife called you a Saint of the Law.

"It is known that when you visited your brother-in-law, Francisco Blandon, imprisoned for Judaism, you made use of the Aztec tongue in your speech with him; manifest evidence of guilt, since the truthful and the righteous have naught to fear from the overhearing of their conversation.

"It is known that you have repeatedly cursed and blasphemed against the Holy Office, its ministers, its founders, and the kings that allow its existence within their kingdoms.

"And other heinous offenses against the true faith, and horrid deeds and blasphemies and sacrileges incredible for the depth of their infamy, but

attested to by veracious sons of the Church. Of saying the Mass backwards, and spitting and trampling upon the consecrated Host, and making a mockery of the Lord's Prayer after the manner of Jews, and of unutterable calumnies against the blessed saints. A miracle has been vouchsafed to us in the person of the Holy Infant now in the Convent of Santo Domingo, the blessed Image bearing the marks of the scourgings you inflicted upon It in the dead of night, while holding diabolic orgies with other heretics, according to their own testimony against you wrung out of them on the rack. And other misdeeds and blasphemies, whereof the mere enumeration would fill a thick volume. All incontrovertible proof of your relapse into Judaism and of an utterably depraved heart. You have committed the Unforgivable Sin."

The Dominican finished speaking. Then looking sternly at the accused Jew, he said: "Tomas Treviño de Sobremonte, what have you to say to the statement I have read to you?"

The Jew was silent, his eyes soft with pensiveness. At length he said, very quietly: "I have perforce listened to lies, most reverend sir, having had daily dealings with Christian men and women in this New Spain. Otherwise have I committed no sin. I have had no other gods before God; I have not taken His name in vain; I have remembered the Sabbath day and kept it holy; I have honored my father and my mother; I have not killed; I have not committed adultery; I have not stolen; I have not borne false witness against my neighbor; I have not coveted his wife, nor have I coveted his house, nor anything that is his. I have lived an honest life. No man may say I have wronged him."

"Thou art guilty of heresy!" thundered Friar Anselmo. "Thou hast sinned in the sight of God!"

"Of your God," corrected the Jew, mildly. His glance passed from one implacable face to another. In all he read his doom. He realized the hopelessness of his cause, and into his eyes there came the gloom of a great despair. He thought of wife, children, kin, friends, of all that earthly life had held dear to him, and a sob rose in his throat. Then he thought—so his eyes told the Count—that all denials were useless, all protestations vain. Once, twenty-four years before, he had, under torture, forsworn the God of Israel. He was young, then, and life was sweet. Moreover, the elders had told him that compulsory vows of Christianity were no sin. It was permitted by the Law. Among his people he was known as an *anús*, a secret Jew. But, he nevertheless had felt uncomfortable, unmanly.

He looked toward the East, where the sky was as a vapor of turquoise and silver. For the space of a half-minute he stared. Then he drew in a deep breath; his face took on a calm, resolute look, and gazing steadily at the monk before him, he said, in a ringing voice: "I believe in one God, the true God, the God of Israel, the God of my forefathers. I am a Jew! And I thank my God that I am a Jew!"

Horrible voices rang out.

"Wretch!"

"Dog!"

"Diabolic pig!"

"Blasphemer!"

"Cursed heretic!"

The Jew's face grew exultant, and in his eyes shone the light of a strong resolution.

"Your sentence, my masters?" he asked, almost mockingly.

Anselmo held a whispered colloquy with his fellow-Inquisitors.

"Thou shalt be burnt at the stake," he said, stridently.

The Jew's eyes still shone. "The sooner the better," he said, and laughed. "Your faith? The faith of asses! Fit for animals. Of all beasts of rapine, know ye which most resembles man outwardly? A monk on the Dominican order! Your faith! Oh, misguided men, you have had to split your God into three and worship idols in your temples, the wooden images of men, perhaps even the stone statues of unintelligent Dominicans!" He was laughing; it was a very curious laugh, and went very well with the look in his eyes, the Count thought.

They dragged him from the platform and gagged him, that his blasphemies might not be heard by God or by His Faithful in Mexico. On the next day he was taken to the stake.

In the open, midway between the Convent of San Diego and the Alameda, lay the Burning-Place. All Mexico had flocked thither, partly from curiosity, and partly to gain the indulgences which the witnessing of the act was said to confer on the fortunate beholders.

The Count del Valle de Orizaba accompanied his friend, Friar Anselmo, to the College. The Jew, dressed in a *sanbenito*, the garb in which the convicts of the Inquisition marched to their death, was led to a waiting mule. They offered to him the Green Cross to carry, after the manner of the condemned, but he spat upon it and uttered vile blasphemies; so they gagged him again and forced him to mount the mule.

It is actually a matter of history, gravely set

down in the veracious chronicles of contemporary writers, that no sooner had the discriminating animal felt the heretical burden on its back than it began to kick and buck, and show every sign of great displeasure. Several true believers were severely injured by the hoofs of the indignant quadruped.

Another mule was brought. It followed the example of its pious predecessor. A third, famous for a long life of sanctity and sedateness of behavior, was even more violent.

The muleteers were astounded, the priests were shouting exorcisms, the entire front row of spectators were writhing in pain. Then a great cry arose, and the multitude shouted: "Lo! even the mules refuse to be contaminated by the touch of the dirty dog!"

The Dominican started, and looked intently at the struggling beast.

"An intelligent animal," observed the Count, tentatively.

"Aye, a most Christian mule!" replied Friar Anselmo, gravely.

A horse, hitherto unsuspected of atheism, was then brought. The Jew was set astride on it, his face toward the tail. A shudder ran through the crowd, which edged away from the disgraced equine.

"Who would have thought that a mule knows more than a horse?" muttered an old woman. She crossed herself, on general principles. Perhaps she but expressed gratitude for the marvelous tales she would be able to tell some of her bed-ridden cronies of many a night.

The horse followed docilely the Indian peon that led it. Another Indian, a thick-set, pock-marked Oaxacan, walked beside the Jew. At frequent intervals he struck Treviño in the face and in the body with his clenched fist and cried: "Believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, dog of a Jew!" It was the first time since the Dismal Night that one of the Dominant Race had been publicly beaten by one of the Conquered. The Count thought a little and said less. Indignation was uncalled for, and compassion was a sin.

The Jew and his escort went across the Plaza del Volador, then by the Street of the Silversmiths and by San Francisco until it reached the Burning-Place.

They bound the Jew fast to the stake and piled faggots all about him. Probably not less than ten thousand people saw him, from the streets, from the windows of the houses, from the roofs, from the church towers of San Diego and San Hipolito,

from the trees of the Alameda. Several millions of indulgences were to be gained at one fell swoop. Another such opportunity might not come in two years.

The gag was removed from the victim. Perhaps the sight of the stake had made his tongue more reverent, they thought.

"Make haste," said the Jew. "Priest," addressing Friar Anselmo, "is it polite to keep me waiting? What will thy God say of thy dilatoriness in His service?"

Friar Anselmo approached and fumbled the steel and flint.

"I shall wait for thee UP THERE, Dominican!" said the Jew, in such somber tones that the crowd shuddered.

The monk's face was paler as he set fire to the carefully-selected faggots. They were tinder-dry, highly inflammable. Gaunt red specters sprang as by magic from the piled wood and threw their arms about the Jew and licked his face, dog-wise, with candent tongues. Swirling draperies of black smoke rose from the pyre hastily to be borne away by the wind. They seemed glad to leave the scene.

Between a rift of flames and the smoke, the Count caught a glimpse of the heretic's face—it was distorted, not with pain nor with fear, but with anger, a mad, demoniac anger. And above the nasal chants of the priests, the hoarse murmur of the spectators, and the spiteful crackling of the wood, came the voice of the Jew, shrill and penetrant, that cried, as he thought of his confiscated possessions:

"Pile on more wood; I've paid my good money for it!"

All of which is strictly a matter of history. The house of the Jew stands to this day in the Street of the Peanut-Field. Also, his co-religionists own nearly the entire foreign debt of the Mexican Republic. But it took two hundred and fifty years to avenge him.

EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

SONG

AH ME! How slow the sad years pass;
What do the swallows sing?
"Only a flutter of leaves and grass
Between the Spring and the Spring."

Ah me! How long the sad nights seem;
What do the children say?
"Only a bridge of golden dream
Between the Day and the Day."

Ah me! How blank life's weary hours;
What hath the mourner said?
"Only a green mound strewn with flowers
Between the Quick and the Dead."

BEATRICE ROSENTHAL.

FOLK TALES OF THE SOUTHWEST

UNDER the title of *Ole Mr. Rabbit's Plantation Stories*, Miss Mary A. Owen's interesting volume, formerly published by the Putnams, and entitled *Ole Rabbit, the Voodoo and Other Stories*, is re-issued by George W. Jacobs & Co., of Philadelphia. As in the first edition, it is prefaced by an introduction and supplied with footnotes by Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, that many-sided man, who, in spite of the fact that he is a humorist of world-wide reputation, knows how to be too serious at times. Mr. Leland is the occasion of the only genuine piece of American humor (so-called) that was ever originated in the British Isles. In the recent discussion over a monument to Heine, an English writer remarked that such a memorial would not be complete without a footnote from Charles Godfrey Leland.

Mr. Leland is too serious in regard to this business of folklore. He prefers it in its direst state. He would not have it made over into romances that the whole world may enjoy—as the Grimms made over theirs—but would have it preserved in all its nakedness ready for the dissecting table of the scientific professors of folklore. To what end, nobody knows but the Lord, Mr. Leland, and the fussy folklorists. Whether Miss Owen was of Mr. Leland's mind to begin with, or whether he prevailed on her to curb the story-telling instinct, it is impossible, of course, to say. The result is the same. Some of the most interesting stories collected by Miss Owen are made dull and dry by the "scientific conscientiousness" which all true folklorists insist on.

And it is a pity, too, for there is abundant evidence throughout this book to show that if the author had not been handicapped by a fatal belief in the importance of "scientific" folklore, she would have made a volume calculated to entrance children as well as grown people. There are occasional lapses from the "scientific" attitude, and then the story in which it occurs takes on form and hue, and we are straightway whirled into the atmosphere that is native to such stories and their readers. But not for long, for, suddenly, we come plump upon one of Mr. Leland's footnotes, and—pouff!—the illusion is gone. We find that we have not been reading a genuine story at all, but a milk-and-water survival from the Etruscans and Sabines.

May everybody be delivered from stumbling

OLE MR. RABBIT'S PLANTATION STORIES.—By Mary A. Owen.
12mo. G. W. Jacobs & Co.

upon such matter as this in the midst of a story! It is not exasperating—it is worse; it is torture unexpected. It is extremely unfortunate for the public that Miss Owen ever heard of scientific folklore. She knows how to collect stories; the probability is that she has never been surpassed in this respect; and she knows well how to tell them. But her folklore conscience will not permit her to tell them as they should be told.

It is only necessary for such writers as Miss Owen to ask themselves which the world can better spare—the vague speculations of the folklorists or the entrancing survivals that set their speculations going. The reply is obvious. But if we are to have these speculations, which would be harmless if they did not hamper some very accomplished people and hinder them from giving their talents free rein, let them take their proper place in the literary procession. Let them stand for what they are worth, and not for what the folklorists think they are worth. Let the professors do their cataloguing and their ticketing humbly as become those who are really not agreed among themselves as to what they would be at.

First, let us have the folk tales told as they were intended to be told, for the sake of amusement—as a part of the art of literary entertainment. Then, if the folklorists find in them anything of value to their pretensions, let it be picked out and preserved with as little cackling as possible.

All this is not to say that Miss Owen's book is a failure; the point is that it might have been better—a great deal better. But it is full of interest. Some of the stories are newly retrieved, and many are delightful. The setting lacks simplicity, but that is owing to the folklore conscience. The illustrations are far enough from art, but a few of them are unexpectedly humorous.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

REVIEWS

RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM, QUID VETAT?

THE COMING OF LOVE, AND OTHER POEMS.—By Theodore Watts-Dunton. John Lane. 1897.

WE are given to understand that a number of persons hold Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton in awe; that select society cries for him, and is only now appeased by a largess from the press of Mr. John Lane. It is nice to know what's what, and to be the oracle of *The Athenæum*; it is still nicer to be "the hero of friendship," as Mr. Watts-Dunton indeed is, and as one of his many immortal friends said that he was. Our quarrel with him is another story. We do respectfully submit that Mr. Watts-Dunton as a bard is,—well, profoundly useful; he shows with such lucidity,

such insistence, such gentle disregard of self, the whole *Ars Poetica* with the bar sinister. No common rhymester can so point the literary moral; it takes mind, invention, exquisite culture, to go to the dogs in this difficult and illustrious manner. The theme is too subtle for exposition. Let any one who has fed upon the Real Thing, see how he likes the taste of

Wide new-litten eyes,
New-litten by thy kiss's re-creation!

Take the final long-rolling iambic line, of which Randolph makes use in his *Ode to Master Anthony Stafford*, or Shelley, in the *Ode to the Skylark*, or better yet, the martial crowded measure of *The Revenge*; and what is to be done with a lyric recital in the same world with these, which fumbles and stumbles into its own gaps at every crisis and yet flies for flag the enchanting title of *Christmas at The Mermaid*?

There's never a wave of ocean
The wind can set in motion
That shall not own our England, own our England queen.

Again:

And once he dealt a blow
Against the Don, to show
What mighty hearts can move, can move in leafy Wales!

This sort of verse is like that game enjoyed by children, where two occupied chairs are presumably connected by a board under a cloth, and where the innocent newcomer, cordially invited to seat himself, does so, quite audibly, upon the unfeeling floor. Another stanza from the same long composition is worth quoting. There are no man-traps in it, but there are other objects to be noted by the judicious.

Fiercely do galley and galeasse fight,
Running from ship to ship like living things,
With oars like legs, with beaks that smite;
Winged centipedes they seem with tattered wings.
Through smoke we see their chiefs encased
In shining mail of gold where blood congeals;
And once I see, within a waist,
Wild English captives ashen-faced,
Their bending backs by Spanish scourges laced
In purple weals.

Did any one ever accuse Mr. Watts-Dunton of belonging to "the Fleshly School?" He is conscientiously physical. You are to know, from him, that a Mother Carey's chicken's

—feathered skin,
Tingles in answer to a dream of brine.

and in Westminster Abbey,

—such bones are laid
As Time can only breed in our loved isle.

Trilby's bones, it will be remembered, were "beautiful." King Edward I, too, had thigh bones of famous size, and they are still in the Abbey. These curios are now proclaimed according to a protective tariff; nothing "made in Germany," can compete with 'em. Hardest to bear, the trusting reader jumps into a bramble-bush of gypsy jib in *The Coming of Love*.

Nock, danniers, moey, yockers, canners, bal,
is hard lines; until the benevolent note in the margin instructs you to read (as it were in Ahn or Ollendorff) "nose, teeth, mouth, eyes, ears, hair."

Ah, but the back-handed Mr. Watts-Dunton shall give it to you all over again:

Bal, danners, canners, yockers, mooy, noek!

Like the votaries of the deceased Marquis of Queensberry, he strikes not below the belt. All the same, it is "wot human nature itself can't indure."

The *Coming of Love* imports a new note into literature, in this lavish Romany dialect. But the use of it demonstrates that it was an ill thing for one gentle gentleman to have walked with George Borrow, among his beloved vans. Two passages only in the complex machinery of the poem can be said to stand alone; and these are the two phonetic letters which Rhona writes, with their capital naïve refrains. Even here the author, in the triple brass of linguistic boldness, manages to have a qualm, an infamous misgiving, an eye to the reader. Mention of "my blessed mammy's mollo" (ghost) and of a night that's "bleak and kollo" (black) is accompanied by an asterisk, indicating that in the Midlands the two weird words (words of what inestimably suggestive value in a rhyme-famine!) are sometimes so pronounced; but usually "mullo" and "kaulo." O fie! Why, after a *Life and Crimes* of the first water, should we not die game, and without benefit of clergy?

The prose extracts in the book are integral, and if the scheme of them had penetrated into the brain of Homer, when "'Omer struck his bloomin' lyre," much international sweat of schoolboys had been mercifully prevented. Mr. Watts-Dunton cannot sing, you understand, forever and ever; and yet he would wish to wear the large and smooth melodic continuousness of Schubert. Argal, he breaks off frequently into recitative, scene-shiftings, pantomime. A gentleman in love in *Prophetic Pictures at Venice*, gets up at night and opens the window: all in a cosy parenthesis. (His emotions, or the author's, are really too violent for metric bonds.) Through the window comes, not a draught or a burglar, but a supernatural necklace, slung from without. Our hero must be supposed, from our written instructions, to say "O, my!" and "Did you ever?" many, many times. Thinking he will go out, he begins to dress; but the gods dissuade him, in some manner not apparent, and "he throws off his clothes" and goes to bed again, having just festooned the rubies and things over the bedpost. Then he proceeds to see mystically into the past, present, and future, by their dæmonic light, and forthwith returns to common prosody. At a much more thrilling moment, this habit of deliberation attacks Mr. Watts-Dunton's other poet-hero, the suitor of the Romany lass, Rhona Boswell. She is on the marge of the stream opposite him, when the villain of the piece leaps through the brushwood.

Then the neo-Greek chorus. "He prepares to plunge into the river in order to swim to her, when Rhona meets the onrush of her assailant with a blow in the mouth from her fist, which causes him to totter and then stumble over the bank." In fact, he never comes up. After this episode, Eng-

lish scenery has "a haunting effect" on the third person's mind; and he tries Norway for a change. His unique "note," however, is struck in the stage-direction just quoted. "He prepares to plunge." In the circumstances, major and minor, there is great virtue in that "prepares."

The preface proclaims how seriously Mr. Watts-Dunton contemplates his works. His friend, William Morris, it seems, was to have printed them in his sumptuous Kelmscott style. At his lamented death, the Bodley Head won the honor of unveiling them to the greedy world. Whereupon the author: "And now, whatsoever pleasure I may feel at seeing my verses in one of Mr. Lane's inviting little volumes" (the book is a handsome, portly green-coated affair of some two hundred and seventy pages) "will be dimmed and marred by the thought that Morris's name also might have been, and is not, on the imprint." A full-grown Irish bull may be seen prancing in this explanation. Explanations, at all times, have their perils, and their fauna long ago became painfully familiar. Mr. Lane has been so magnificent a pioneer in the matter of modern poetry, that it is well to have something to pardon him. Let us consider *The Coming of Love* as his concession to the Victorian drawing-rooms, whose ideas of art he is doing so much to overturn.

Is it necessary to add that in aught from so accomplished a hand, there are not lacking touches of real beauty? Beauty, but not authority. *Ancestral Memory*, *Midshipman Lanyon*, the *Toast to Omar Khayyâm*; and especially *A Talk on Waterloo Bridge*, and, just beneath that in point of charm and clarity, the song of the Golden-hearted, dedicated to Mr. Swinburne; these are happy both in conception and expression. But not a line of them all draws blood; unless the "purple weals" count under a Spanish *bastinado*! no man can wish to shake them off, as one does the electric clinging phrases of Francis Thompson, of Kipling, of Yeats, of Davidson, of Alfred Housman, of Stephen Phillips; no man can endure them for a moment who remembers the vital music of the masters newly passed away. If we have dwelt upon details, in a not wholly irreverent survey of Mr. Watts-Dunton's long-noised, but not memorable book, it is only because there is no organic whole to consider. Not even the stories, as such, "move forward in order;" they halt and blur, they have no evolution, either practical or intellectual; they all lose themselves before the end, and go off in smoke. There is no trend, for most of the numbers are born of given occasion, and rarely dominate it; yet this is writing which is the output of many fortunate years, which has grown its wing-feathers in the very cry of English song. Its excellency is in a certain moral poise and genial dignity of feeling; its defects are the fatal two—commonplace and lack of humor. We cannot conceive of the book's exciting interest in America, where the personal estimation is absent. Its material is most immaterial; its workmanship, elaborate as it looks, is all wrong. We sum it up, in mournful dismay, as an architectural hoax: too Late Perpendicular, and papier-mâché at that.

MARK TWAIN

FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR.—By Mark Twain. American Publishing Company. Sold by subscription.

VIEWED as a work of art, this volume is monstrous, and as a book of travel it is impossible. The only way to view it is as a bundle of haphazard thoughts, jotted down by the author à propos or mal à propos, of the things he saw in the course of a journey undertaken for literary and lecturing purposes. Mark Twain being the author, the result is not so bad as might be expected; especially if the book be read in the proper way. The proper way to read it is to disregard the order of the chapters and the numbering of the pages, and dip in here and there with no respect for sequence, for there is no sequence. The worst mistake that a reader can make is to read it through conscientiously in the order in which it is written. Mark Twain would be the best man to do it if he were the reader and not the author.

The book was apparently written under some kind of constraint, such, for instance, as a contract calling for so much a day, or so much a week, without regard to moods. At all events, it is very uneven in respect to matter. Long stretches of hack-work and cyclopædic padding mark his dull days; while many pages bear witness to pleasure in the making.

Mark Twain has, as we all know, broken forever with his old style—the style of *Innocents Abroad*, *The Gilded Age*, and *Huckleberry Finn*—and is no longer persistently or even primarily a humorist. But from mental habit we instinctively look for the joke and feel cheated if he turns out serious; and when he becomes ethical-minded and solemn, it is almost shocking. This makes fair judgment difficult. It is the nemesis of the reformed humorist.

Not that he has altogether reformed. He has packed his book with anecdotes and personal reminiscences, many of which are amusing, and he says a number of very good things; but even in his frivolous moods he is less funny than he used to be and more thoughtful. He is forsaking humor and aiming at wit. Witness the new stock of Pudd'nhead Wilson aphorisms and cynicisms, some of which are clever, if laborious; none of which make you laugh, or are meant to. He appeals more to the head and less to the diaphragm; and we honor him for it. The rule is, once a humorist always a humorist, and nothing more. Imagine Bill Nye, or Phoenix, or Artemus Ward, or the Danbury News man being anything more than funny! Apart from limitations of temperament, it is a hard thing for an American writer to leave, of his free will, a vein which he has successfully worked. He usually has to be starved out of it by the public. Fancy Stockton writing anything but Stocktonese, or Bangs rising on the stepping-stone of his dead self to anything in particular. Even if they could change, business prudence forbids the shifting from what has proved profitable to what is new and untried. But Mark Twain defies this economic law of letters, and when he writes a new book now there is no guessing at its con-

tents beforehand. The real and deserved success of his earlier books makes this course appear as heroic as it is exceptional.

But after all he must be judged by deeds and not by attempts. *Following the Equator* is very dull in places, and these places are just where the author is most conscientious—where he remembers that he is writing a book of travel and goes in for facts and description and history. His comments are often shrewd, and his first-hand impressions are always interesting, but he has felt it his duty sometimes to be instructive, and this is painful to both him and the reader. Indian temples, Hindu traits, Thuggee, the rights and wrongs of the Kanakas, the history of Hawaii, and a hundred other topics are discussed as if they were novel. He gives information, and worse than that elementary information, which could be picked up in a school library. It may be that he padded purposely in order to make a big subscription book, or that he wanted to increase the sales among Chautauquans, literary circles, school boards, and the other lovers of the useful commonplace. In either of these cases he is to be forgiven. But if he wrote it because it interested him, or because he thought it was new, there is no hope for him.

When facts supplant fancy in the literary brain, when the writer goes to his memory for his ideas, he were better dead or teaching school. It is impossible to believe this of Mark Twain. He must know that he has no business with facts. He shows it by his shyness and awkwardness in their presence. He does not know how to manage them. They restrain him and make him ridiculous, like a tennis player in a high hat. He is above and beyond all facts, and it is pitiful to see him wasting himself on them. What the public expects of him is that he will lie genially, consistently, and delightfully, that is, make literature and not compendiums. Fortunately, the compendium style infests a comparatively small part of this book, and the rest is very good to read. The variety of the topics he manages to treat is amazing. They range all the way from Waterbury watches to religion; and the chapters ramble on in the most charmingly irresponsible way, with a heading that has no bearing on the subject matter, and an end that in no way follows from the beginning.

Although Mark Twain is at his best when he spurns duty and eschews facts, he says some rather convincing things on serious topics now and then, and he says them well. It would be hard to square his views on the subject of the rights of savages with any known system of political science, but he expresses these views in a very pointed and forcible way. His chapters on South Africa, with his account of the Boers and his ironical comments on the Jameson raid, are well written and entertaining. He is interesting when he comments on facts, but he is far too good a man for the drudgery of detailing them.

The cuts are for the most part reproductions from photographs—often bad artistically, but usually amusing. Mark Twain's photograph recurs so frequently that it must be extremely embarrassing to that diffident man.

THE LION OF JANINA

THE LION OF JANINA; OR, THE LAST DAYS OF THE JANISSARIES.
—By Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. Harper and Brothers.

THAT an author is most interesting to a foreign public, most valuable to the student of letters, when he writes about his own people, is a sufficiently obvious truth for one to let serve as a text. From this point of view, it is a pity that when we have so little of the purely indigenous work of Jókai in English, when a good translation of, say, *Egy Magyar Nábob* is yet to be written, a conscientious translator should trouble himself with Janicsárok vengnapjai, where Jókai is simply playing Scheherezade. Waiving this point, however, and granting the exotic charm of his Turkish stories, our own choice for translation would have been *Törökvilág Magyarországon*, the superior of *The Lion of Janina* in point of form, or *Fehér rozsa*, its superior in imaginative distinction.

In reading *The Lion of Janina*, it is difficult, at first, for an Occidental to get his bearings, to orient himself, so to speak. For, although the date at the beginning of the story is as recent as 1819, the hero, a Turkish rebel as well known to the European world as Ali Tepelenti (Ali Pasha), yet one finds one's self suddenly in the land of the Thousand and One Nights, beset by jinn, soothsayer and portent, and straightway cares little whether the ruler is Mahmoud II, or Haroun-al-Raschid. Straightway the story exerts the same magic that readers of the *Arabian Nights* are familiar with, although the poetic charm of the Arabian tales is missing. One forgets the fact that Jókai's account of the revolt which, in the early part of this century, nearly overthrew the Ottoman Empire, fantastic though it seems, has decided historical merit; that his Oriental coloring is singularly exact, his assumption of the Oriental point of view an achievement of high distinction: one is interested only in the absorbing, although tortuous plot, and in the hero, no longer a beautiful, androgynous Arabian prince, but the octogenarian Ali Pasha, certainly, as Mr. Bain says, "one of the most brilliant, picturesque, and, it must be added, capable ruffians that even Turkish history can produce." After finishing the book, however, one feels that one has been the victim of an extremely clever story-teller, rather than a great artist—as some would have us believe Jókai. While one is interested one is never stirred; while one accepts Ali Tepelenti one does not really believe in him, for Jókai's method throughout is purely dramatic, and essentially superficial. The conviction grows that we have had an English author who could have done the thing as well, if not better—to an Occidental's way of literary thinking—the author in mind being Macaulay.

The translation, as translations go, is thoroughly good. Mr. Bain, however, has got into his diction a naïveté that, to a Hungarian, is absent from Jókai's style. The presswork, on the other hand, is thoroughly ugly.

MR. STEAD ON THE WARPATH AGAIN

SATAN'S INVISIBLE WORLD DISPLAYED.—By W. T. Stead.
R. F. Fenno & Co.

FOR a second time that gifted impressario of literary vaudeville, Mr. Stead, has made us bounden to him for the tribute of his genius. For a second time our municipal life has demanded his attention. Time and opportunity denied a personal glance. Cuttings from the corkscrew probings of the Lexow Committee suited quite as well. Their five stout octavo volumes of 1,100 pages each, "were mastered in the attempt to construct a readable and authentic narrative which would make this great object-lesson accessible to the world." The picturesque title is borrowed from one Hopkins, a seventeenth century expert in witches, who uses it as the title of his "history and secret mystery of the infernal regions."

The plunderings of an appointed banditti, their perfect organization for the sake of prey—their abetting of all manner of evil, their highhanded brutality, their defiance of the popular will, these were the elements in the reign of terror which is described. In a sense, the entire book is a criticism of democratic rule. From the history of these official crimes the author passes on to a discussion of the charter of Greater New York, which he regards as a reactionary expression of the deep distrust of her citizens in the principle of government by popular election. A czar mayor, and hamstrung at that, is the remedy which the misrule of Tammany has forced upon the city. Thus far Mr. Stead has been retelling a tale long since told. That part of his majesty's invisible world which it is Mr. Stead's peculiar privilege to display, is located in the brain of the present boss of Tammany, and is set forth in a "character sketch" at the end of the book, in which the character in question sketches itself in the recurring theme, "I have done only good all my life."

The tale is well told—there is dramatic action on every page—more dramatic because it moves in a reality so familiar and immediate. But beyond the readable narrative there is nothing. The pedagogic interest which was expressed in the preface is not realized. Mr. Stead has indeed saved a ne'er-to-be-repeated experience from the voiceless tomb to which its record was entrusted, but he has in no measure organized it for us. True, he has made a statement, but an object-lesson is never a statement—the experience itself is presented; where this is impossible the lesson is in no sense objective, it is interpretative. The object, the raw crude fact, cannot re-exist. It is useless to memorialize it. It can become dynamic only by being adequately organized. Thus, analysis, which is not scientifically exact, and which results in no form of synthesis, is not teaching, but an indulgence. It is not sufficient to have said, "It is awful, horrible, the Turk could do no worse." For we have had a raw product thrust upon us—an uncooked fact—and for the moral indigestion which is sure to follow, we may thank the chef who did his work so badly. He has indeed succeeded in popularizing the findings of

that committee, but the method chosen has defeated, in a large measure, the usefulness of his task. To have displayed the conscious and unconscious villainy which is cloaked beneath the "unctuous rectitude" of contemporary political life is a worthy service. To have analyzed it into its elements and so have pointed out a remedy would have been a great one. Mr. Stead is a literalist, who knows the power of a one-stranded, rapid-action tale. Time is as nothing to this theme, and all events seem to fall within a single day; there is no restful background, no palliating circumstance, no mitigating virtue, only the isolated succession of his hypnotic spell. Truth suffers by exclusion. The entire life of New York seems to be expressed in acts of these official bandits who plundered, beat and bribed to their stomach's full—for surely such things do not fill the heart.

The truth contained is damaged by its setting—is not treated as serious enough to demand a sober statement. Its reporter cannot see things without seeing them grotesque. Mr. Stead believes in the pyrotechnic of the press. It is his stock in trade and his criterion for estimating others. This predominating quality finds its fullest expression in his appreciation of the editor of the *New York Journal*, who is pointed to as "far and away the most promising journalist whom I have yet come across"—a phrase well classified as an insult to American journalism.

RITSCHLIAN THEOLOGY

THE RITSCHLIAN THEOLOGY AND THE EVANGELICAL FAITH.—By James Orr, M.A., D.D., Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. New York: Thos. Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House [The Theological Educator Series] pp. 276. \$0.75.

NO influence has been stronger in German theological thought of the last generation than that of Albrecht Ritschl. It is also to be traced in France, England, and the United States, but, singularly enough, there has been lacking any compact exposition of Ritschlianism as a school of thought. Professor Orr has therefore done the world of theology a service in this admirable little book. In it he has discussed, with great simplicity and directness, the topic embodied in his title, and has given the most satisfactory exposition of the Ritschlian thought that has yet appeared in English. In two particulars, however, one might wish that the author had given a little fuller treatment in his description of the Ritschlian method, and in his use of other sources than Ritschl himself. Indeed, the volume might better have been called *The Theology of Albrecht Ritschl*. Because of this over-emphasis of the founder of a school, Professor Orr is led to underestimate the mystical tendencies of men like Herrmann. Yet it must also be said that in his notes he has given admirable collections of the various followers of Ritschl on the most important doctrines. Altogether, although it is opposed to the school, the book is written so fairly and frankly that, unless one guesses quite amiss, it is quite as likely to aid as hinder the spread of Ritschlianism in this country.

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A book like this is an aid to the historian; it gives the atmosphere of the war-time with singular truthfulness, and outlines telling incidents of camp-life and battle activities with effective, graphic cleverness. Doubtless the author felt the desire to make good reading for young people, and so laid his imagination in the scale now and again when there was danger of the dull side preponderating; but there is no straining for effect, and, indeed, the most engaging of all the stories are those in which the simplicity of the telling amounts almost to baldness.

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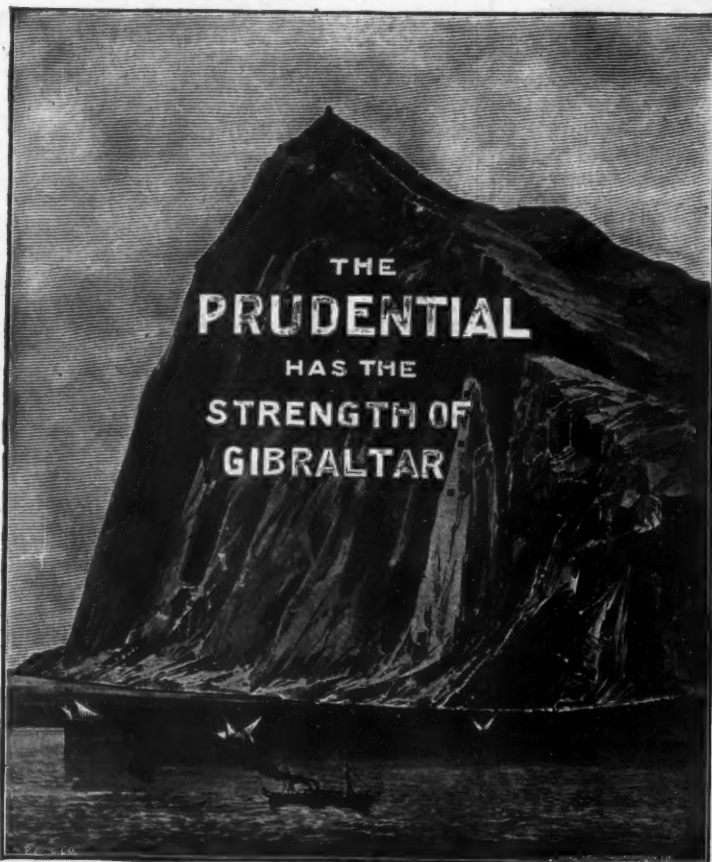
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